

Georgetown Herald

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Page 4. Thursday, April 28th, 1960

Last Chance for Hockey

This Friday will be one of the last opportunities to see Georgetown's fine Raider hockey team in action on local ice.

At time of writing Napanee is a game up in the Ontario finals. Wednesday's game for that town is a crucial one, and the series will either be deadlocked or by 3-1 for the Raiders when the teams meet again here this Friday. Whatever the case, Friday's match will be one in which all the chips will be down. For both teams will be fighting for the championship.

Crowd support this season has been good, but never like the old days when the local rink was jammed to capacity for seasons' games, and the ticket demand was fantastic when Raiders reached the finals.

Very Cold and Snowy

Since weatherman Ern Bekin ceased his weekly column a few years ago, his interesting weather summaries have been something that's missed in the Herald.

Recently Bob Anderson of United Gas brought us up to date on March with a Hamilton weather summary which his firm prepares and it is interesting to learn that March was the coldest month since records were first compiled in 1898.

The lowest temperature was one degree on the 9th, the warmest 49 degrees

on the 28th. Heating requirements for March were about 22% above normal, according to the statisticians.

Rainfall was very light last month, and snowfall was more than three times the normal. It was the snowiest March since 1939.

No wonder the rainy weekend seemed even warmer than it might have, as we rushed the lawn chairs outside and started a flurry of gardening.

See you at the arena Friday!

towns and villages are growing rapidly. That means accommodation has been short and new schools have grown around the fringes of almost every community. More and more capital has been flowing into more and more new schools. In most communities the day is gone when the school board accepted only the architect's advice on the kind of building required. Today new schools are functional, meant to serve the varied needs of education and not to act as monument to the men who built them. That in itself is progress.

The new trend in school accommodation also saved the taxpayer money, or on the other hand allowed the school board to buy more accommodation for less money. New schools today are seldom more than one storey high. Gone are the high brick towers and the fancy bellies.

There has been a big change too in the organization of our schools. Our entire school system is being regrouped. Today grades one to six belong to the elementary school system, seven to nine go to a junior high or intermediate school, while high schools take the balance up to grade 12 or 13. Today's school boards are also talking about streaming. That means that a child will progress in direct relationship to his ability to learn. Gifted students will gain an enriched program, while average students will be given the basic course and slow learners can be given the extra help they need.

Everybody's Business

C. Irwin McIntosh,
In the North Battleford News-Optimist

In most communities across Canada taxpayers are often amazed to find that almost half of their municipal tax levy goes to their school boards. Yes, education is big business and as school centralization continues to take place across the country the task of local school boards becomes increasingly important. Indeed, education in Canada is everybody's business, and each of us must become vitally concerned with the direction it takes.

Perhaps you are a taxpayer who is inclined to wince when you see your school assessment on your annual tax statement. You may not realize that you're likely spending more money each year on your car or on tobacco and alcoholic beverages. For example, in 1958 Canadians spent \$2,074 million on cars. The same year we spent \$1,424 million on tobacco and alcoholic beverages. Yet we only spent \$1,070 million on education. That's not all. Between 1957 and 1958 we increased our spending on cars by \$209 million, on tobacco and alcoholic beverages by \$102 million and on education by only \$50 million.

Education is not only the last, but if statistics prove anything, it's falling even further behind each year.

Canada's population explosion is having its effects on your local school board. They've often been accused of worrying too much about money and not enough about the direction of education. They worry about money because you elected them to their position and without your support their hands are tied. When you decide we need to spend more on educating our children you're giving them the encouragement they need to give your child the education he deserves.

There are two big problems facing school boards in our generation. Our cities,

As for losing business and tourist traffic — this is, I think, an empty threat. Canadian tourists, in spite of the continual rejection of our money, spend \$100 million more in the US than American tourists spend here. It is quite obvious that some US writers have become angry at the idea of anybody having the temerity to insult the Almighty American Dollar — it is also obvious that such anger encourages opinions based on emotion instead of reason. The editorial staff of the Detroit Times should be thankful for Canada and Canadian currency — it produces about one and a half billion dollars on the credit side of the US economy every year — and that ain't what!

Now it was spring and things were tough. The mammoth they had put in the deep freeze at the back of the cave was gnawed to tusks and tail. The Mother had begun to eye the three small children, gaunt as they were, in a rather chilling manner. And every time the Father looked at the Mother, saliva leaked out the corners of his mouth. She had a little more meat on her than the three small children.

As for the three small children, they took a snap at the calves of their parents every time they crept past them. And the wolf had long since forsaken the front door. He knew well that if he whined once, he'd be hauled in, clubbed and end up as guest of honour at a wolf dinner.

It was a tense situation, and just to make it unbearable, the Mother started agitating about the condition of the cave. She wanted all the bones picked up and dumped outside, the skins on the floor shaken out, and the mammoth's skeleton dragged



Controversial Corner

by Ian Cass

RANDOM JOTTINGS

Now that the rather stable battle of the silver coins is almost over and the economy has returned to its land of origin, some of the rather bitter complaints in the US press are worthy of comment. The article in the Detroit paper was not which comes particularly in mind with its warning of loss of business, loss of tourist trade and accusations of inflationary feelings. I wonder if the editorial writer for the Detroit Times has spent any time looking into the facts of the case.

In the fact page the relative value of the Canadian versus the US dollar forms the root of the action taken by the Bank of Canada — the Canadian dollar is at a premium. This value is not determined here; the Bank of Canada doesn't set it — it is set by the money markets of New York. Furthermore, I don't think that a premium Canadian dollar does us any good, but we don't control it.

The decision to control the flow of US silver into Canada was taken in order to prevent what amounted to a legal racket. If some sections of the US press don't like it at least we can point to a logical reason for our action. This is more than can be said for the peculiar attitude of most US businesses to Canadian currency. Invariably, in the US, Canadian money will not be accepted although it is worth more than local money — I wonder how this can be explained as a non-inflationary gesture?

As for losing business and tourist traffic — this is, I think, an empty threat. Canadian tourists, in spite of the continual rejection of our money, spend \$100 million more in the US than American tourists spend here. It is quite obvious that some US writers have become angry at the idea of anybody having the temerity to insult the Almighty American Dollar — it is also obvious that such anger encourages opinions based on emotion instead of reason. The editorial staff of the Detroit Times should be thankful for Canada and Canadian currency — it produces about one and a half billion dollars on the credit side of the US economy every year — and that ain't what!

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A Desert in Ontario

by Hance Roy Ives
in collaboration with
Hugh M. Halliday

Did you know that if a tree loses its leaves for three years, in succession the tree will die? So will your roses, flowering shrubs and perennials? Do we want a desert in Ontario? The only way in which we can keep injurious insects from taking over and creating a desert is by preserving birds and predatory insects — insects that live on noxious ones.

Today uncounted millions of song birds are being poisoned by so-called pesticides which have rightly been labelled uncontrollable controls. When my neighbour reported that 24 dead robins were picked up on a three-acre lawn, as well as other unidentified species, following spraying for white grub the thought of it turned me sick. The pesticide industry, promoted by far-reaching propaganda and advertising campaigns, has become a giant of destruction. What the end will be, nobody knows. The experts have been warning us but the money makers have been shouting them down. Since the war commercial poisons have become a table of business. Many industries even have their representatives in government.

It is almost unbelievable that the amount of these fantastic chain killers that have been indiscriminately spread over this continent with virtually no check on the ultimate destructive results of such ill-considered undertakings. Recently in the US House of Representatives the Hon. Lee Metcalf of Montana stated that chemicals being used in alleged control programs are from 15 to 200 times more deadly than anything known prior to World War II.

The remaining birds in the soil from three to five years after application and during that time become chain killers, affecting not only our birds and domestic livestock but people, too.

Congressman Metcalf told his fellow lawmakers that today there were more than 200 basic pesticides and more than 6,000 brand named products on the market. These poisons are from 15 to 40 times more toxic than the well known and deadly DDT. It has been shown that two pounds to the acre of DDT was the maximum amount that could be applied without massive mortality to animal life. Yet applications today are from 30 to 40 times more deadly. That is the stuff with which we are covering our land, our fruit and our vegetables, and which we are inevitably consuming ourselves.

In the southern states the imported fire ants have been a factor for some 30 years, but have never been considered a serious problem. But a couple of years ago poison manufacturers whipped up excitement in government departments and had some millions of dollars worth of deadly poison sprayed over large southern areas. A veterinarian in Climax, Georgia, Dr. O. J. Postvint, reported the deaths of more than 100 cattle, large numbers of chickens, turkeys, goats, sheep, and the reproductive failure of from 100 to 150 brood sows as a result of fire ant spraying in his community. No similar deaths occurred in surrounding untreated areas. The veterinarian said Congressman Metcalf in asking for an appropriation of \$2,365,000 to initiate research program relative to the effect of poisons on wildlife, said this amount represents an investment of less than one per cent of the whole-sale value of pesticides produced in the US.

Three small bottoms, looking worried. Suddenly the Mother realized she had chewed three of her fingers right down to the second joint. This would never do. Sadly but remorselessly, she fastened her gaze on the three small children. When they saw their Mother pick up her club and advance on them, the three small children uttered three small squeaks of despair, and forgetting that they hadn't learned to walk, got up and began to run like hell.

Just then, who should come strolling up, whistling but Father? The Mother scarcely had time to hide her club behind her back. "Get you don't know what I've got for you," bawled the daddy cooly, hiding something behind his back. "And I'll bet you don't know what I've got for YOU," she countered, grinning whitely, and clutching her club tighter.

But he knew her of old. Just as she swung, he leaped like a deer and she missed. Grinning hugely, he whipped from behind his back a knotted piece of hide, on which were strung the three biggest rainbow trout you ever saw.

After the years of remorse, and her assurance that it was just her nerves, he gave her a 12-pound trout. She was well into it before she remembered, with shame, and said: "Go — and find the three small children and give them a fish!" She

Two winters ago Canadian robins returning from the south brought news of thousands of robins "dying from the unusually cold weather which penetrated into the gulf states". But we soon learned that these robins, our Canadian robins, were dying from fire ant control poisons.

Commercial poisons can be dumped over large areas very quickly but knowledge related to over all results of such applications is gained very slowly and invariably too late. Dr. George J. Wallace reported that five years of spraying with DDT virtually eliminated robins on an 80-acre tract at the Michigan State University. The spraying had been done for mosquito control and control of elm bark beetles. As the result of this program it was discovered that earthworms accumulate DDT in their bodies. They ate the fallen leaves under the sprayed trees. The following spring the robins ate the earthworms and in this way accumulated sufficient poison in their systems to kill them. The few survivors failed to produce young during 1957 and 1958. This season's report has yet to be received. Dr. Wallace, a professor of zoology, reported, along with his own findings that 140 kinds of birds in North America are now believed to have died, from incidental poisoning and there are 27 instances of complete, or nearly complete, reproductive failure in wild birds due to toxic sterility or other factors related to poisonous sprays.

The writer has seen photographs of thousands of birds gathered up after one of those iniquitous poisoning campaigns. Government departments, through which manufacturers operate, have been called bureaucracies of poisons. In various instances biologists in government employ, have been throttled. It is starting to realize the number of devices that have been used to sidetrack devastation wrought by poisoning programs. And what have we gained, except that it has put money into circulation. Possibly it has benefited our economy, and nothing else, though it seems a queer kind of benefit.

We do know that the application of modern pesticides has upset the whole balance of nature to a degree that we are likely to be satisfied with one of the world's inventions of modern times. Like the dope habit, these chemicals now seem to be in control. When I was growing up the spraying of fruit trees was unknown. Yet the quality of apples in those days was unequalled. Eventually spraying came into vogue, and three applications were recommended. But today 12 applications is standard practice. Perhaps it is a link in our commercial economy, but in a very large measure it has destroyed our natural economy, the economy devised and proved by the great mind of nature.

For every noxious insect nature has provided an unlikely number of what, in the past, we called beneficial insects. As soon as a noxious variety began getting a foothold in a locality, the beneficial insects or parasites on the destructive kinds, would come along and destroy them. Every noxious insect likely had 15 or 20 enemies. Consequently when nature was in control we had very few wormy apples. Then we began using sprays. The insects killed were mainly the beneficial kinds. Since the noxious kinds now had fewer enemies, or controlling factors, spraying had to be stepped up in order

could have saved her breath, as the three small children were already crawling out from behind three small rocks, their three small noses quivering and their three small teeth glittering. Soon their three small bellies were dragging on the ground.

And so they all lived happily ever after. Until next winter. And that's the story of Opening Day of the trout season, and how it acquired its significance in our Canadian way of life, even though it interferes with the house cleaning.

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Walter C. Blain,
Managing Editor

Garfield L. McIlwray
Production Superintendent

Office Staff:
Aileen Bradley, Terry Harley,
John Olliver, Advertising

Plant Staff:
L. M. Clark, Dave Hains,
B. Baskerville, Myles Gibson

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Twenty - Five Years Ago

ECHOES

From the pages of the Herald
May 1st, 1935

There was a fair gathering at the town hall last Thursday night when the Lorne Rifles (Scottish) Band assisted by visiting artists rendered a splendid program. Mayor Gibbons was chairman.

Miss Ada McKenzie and Mrs. Bennett will play the Georgetown Golf Course on Friday, May 3rd, teeing off at 3 p.m. All interested are welcome.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Albans Church on Saturday afternoon, April 30th when Margaret Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McNally, became the bride of Harold, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bennett.

Master Joe Wilcox, 12 year old cornetist, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Wilcox added a fifth medal to his collection at the Stratford Music Festival on Friday.

At the Gregory Theatre: child starring George Arliss. "Have A Heart" starring Jean Parker and James Dunn; "The House of Rothschild" starring George Arliss, Anna Sten and Fredric March.

MERRY MENAGERIE - By Walt Disney



"Look, Mama! He finally noticed me!"

WHAT PRICE SPUDS?

I wonder why it is that New Brunswick potatoes were selling in New York last week for 30c a bag and at the same time Canadian stores (Toronto and Georgetown) were selling the same thing at 60c and up.

It has always been a source of wonder to me that a Canadian company can be formed and operated on lines of strict economy; a dirt cheap broken-down plant out in a depressed area; labour market of willing dollar an hour workers and no benefits; cheap second hand machinery and sweat shop conditions; all this to produce an article which sells, say for \$3.00. The same article will be made by a U.S. company in a super, air conditioned, well lit plant, using the finest machinery and equipment, paying their workers \$3.00 an hour and all sorts of benefits; the product is then attractively packaged, transported to Canada and sold on the Canadian market for \$2.50, and what is more, is often

Sugar and Spice

Dispensed by BILL SMILEY of the Watson Echo

Some people think we Canadians are lacking in tradition. They are quite wrong. We have traditions we haven't even thought of. This legend, reprinted by request, tells one of them.

Once upon a time, two or three million years ago, a Canadian couple lived in a cave with their three small children. When the winter had begun, they'd had eight small children, but they had to keep the wolf away from the door somehow, and the wolf was very partial to small children.

Now it was spring and things were tough. The mammoth they had put in the deep freeze at the back of the cave was gnawed to tusks and tail. The Mother had begun to eye the three small children, gaunt as they were, in a rather chilling manner. And every time the Father looked at the Mother, saliva leaked out the corners of his mouth. She had a little more meat on her than the three small children.

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